Sound Effect!

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Sound Effect!

by ohdeercoffee

Summary

A small, sepia colored Vox has just arrived in Hell. He's mute and can only speak through title cards like in silent movies. Alastor is fascinated to meet him, but because Vox can only speak through text on a screen, they have a misunderstanding. Alastor thinks he paid Vox to play the trumpet for him. He actually paid Vox for a blowjob.

Alastor is driven mad when Vox is completely silent the entire time, and not just his voice. Even sound effects— "(Slurp!)" — have to be written out on his screen.

Kind of cracky fic inspired by the newly discovered 2013 "lil guy" "cockroach" "vintage" Vox design. Silly, smutty humor fic.

Notes

This was inspired by the recently discovered 2013 Vox design. Does this little guy have a tag yet? I didn't know what to call him.

Anyway since he is so vintage looking, I had the idea that what if when he first arrived in Hell he was mute and could only talk through his screen like a silent movie at first? Then somehow it became this craziness.

“What a freak!”

“His head is a moving picture box!”

“Wow! Hey, show us some boobs!”

Alastor sat on a sidewalk bench watching a curious sight across the street.

An unusual looking fellow shook his tin can each time someone passed by. Alastor had never seen a sinner with such a peculiar form. He had a large boxy head with wood paneling that matched his muted sepia suit and top hat. His face was made of glass. It changed appearance seemingly at his command, displaying various words and pictures.

The metal coins rattled as the unique looking sinner shook the can. Each time someone walked by, his face turned black and in white, slightly shaky text read: “Anything you want! On this screen! 2 cents.”

Televisions were only very recently invented and not widespread in Hell yet. To see one was an unusual novelty. To see a sinner shaped like one was a first. It made sense that he’d try to cash in on his unique ability.

It was a nice idea in theory, Alastor gave him that. The fellow got a few takers. Mostly children who wanted to see moving pictures of their favorite animals or comic book characters. A few adults who asked to see celebrities or sports.

But mostly people just asked for pornography. This was Hell, after all.

“I *said* show me some tits!” shouted a very angry sinner as he balled his fists.

The boxy headed fellow put his arms up defensively, shaking his head. His panicked face changed into the black screen again. In white letters and very shaky text, it said, “I can’t! I told you, I get censored! I can’t even spell out ‘t*ts’!”

“Bullshit!” said another boarish sinner as he loomed into view, apparently a cohort of the first one.

The title card on the picture box sinner changed and read, “Put an egg in your shoe and beat it!”

“What did you say to me?!” roared the first bully sinner. “Like really?! What did you say?! I don’t know what the fuck that means!”

The 1950’s slang was lost on Alastor as well.

“It means go away!!!!” read the next title card. He must have been very upset to use so many exclamation points, Alastor figured.

“Are you threatening me, you little cockroach?” The bully sinner roughly lifted the poor fellow up by his shirt, making his top hat topple to the ground. “Show me some tits on your screen or I’ll smash in that fragile freak face of yours!”

The reality of two bigger demons versus one smaller one must have set in, as the sepia colored sinner was then literally shaking in his pointy boots. “(Gulp!)” read the title card on his screen. It changed and the next one read, “I don’t want any trouble!”

Alastor watched as he sipped his coffee. It seemed to him that the poor chap was really trying. A very staticy, blurry image vaguely resembling breasts appeared on his glass face. It snowed in and out as he trembled in the bully’s grip.

“I can’t see! It’s all fuzzy!” the bully sinner said angrily.

The other demon snickered behind him. “I’ve heard if a television’s picture is blurry, you can smack it to make it clear.”

The sinner still holding the boxy headed one chuckled menacingly. “Don’t mind if I do.”

A smack to the head was quickly followed by a sucker punch to the gut. Then the boxy headed sinner was dropped roughly to the ground, doubled over in pain.

The other two demons cackled. One nicked his tip jar can and they both took off across the street.

Alastor tutted under his breath. Not only were they brutes but they were fools. Running in the direction of the notorious Radio Demon. They really should be more aware of their surroundings if they’re going to pull a stunt like that.

Luckily Alastor didn’t even have to put his coffee down. Once they were in range, two dark tentacles shot out. Each of the two sinners was stopped in their tracks when a tentacle each coiled around them like a snake and then hoisted them in the air.

“What the fuck?!” one of them startled.

Alastor brought them closer to him for a better look. The tentacles constricted tighter as he let them dangle in the air above him.

“That was quite rude,” said Alastor, eyes darkening and antlers branching out. “I was watching the show.”

“Oh shit, it’s the Radio Demon!”

That wasn’t first time those were someone’s last words before sliding down the Radio Demon’s gullet. Alastor grew several times his size, tossed them both back one after the other, and swallowed them whole. He was already back to his normal size and form before the fellow across the street could turn around and see what had happened to his assailants.

Alastor crossed the street and approached him with his usual smile. “I believe this belongs to you,” he said, holding out the tin can.

The boxy headed fellow had been looking down, dusting himself off. He startled briefly before glancing up to Alastor. Then he grinned excitedly when he saw the tin can. “Thank you!” flashed the text on his screen as he took it.

Alastor didn’t pull his hand away. “Alastor,” he said as he shook the sinner’s hand. “Pleasure to meet you, my good man. I couldn’t help but notice the little show you’ve been putting on here. Why, I’ve never seen anything quite like it!”

The sinner’s face returned. He had a wide grin with one tooth missing.

“What, cat got your tongue?” asked Alastor amusedly.

The sinner’s toothy grin disappeared, looking confused. Then his screen turned black and the white text said, “I’m mute. I can only talk this way.”

“Ah, so you are like those silent picture shows,” said Alastor. “And can only speak with title cards. Rather fascinating, actually. Pitiful for you, but entertaining to me.”

“What would you like to see?” said the next title card on the screen after a moment. “I’ll do one for you for free for getting my tip jar back.”

Alastor sighed. “No thank you. I find it a pity too that your unique talent has been reduced to a cheap parlor trick. You have an extraordinary ability, but you are out here on the streets performing for scraps like a dance monkey.”

There was a hesitation from the sinner before his screen changed again. Alastor wasn’t sure if he offended him or not. Finally a new title card appeared, reading, “I’ve just arrived in Hell last week. I have no job, no money, no friends, no nothing.” The title card switched to the next. “Just trying to scrape by and make enough to eat and get a room somewhere and off the streets.”

Alastor eyed the bindle propped up on the building directly behind them. “I see. Yes, it’s definitely hard first arriving in Hell. For most people anyway. You do what you can to get by.”

The sinner’s face reappeared on his glass screen. He looked sad, but Alastor had a hard time taking him seriously when his face—especially those big black and white eyes—looked so comically cartoonish.

Alastor leaned into his staff, his smile looking slightly more menacing. “Well, I’m always looking for talent to employ. What else can you do?”

The sinner shrugged. “Anything,” read his title card.

“You can’t speak,” said Alastor. “Therefore you can’t sing. You can’t scream. You would be useless for my radio show. But there must be something I can use your—“ Alastor gestured to the sinner’s boxy wooden and glass head. “—unique anatomy for.”

The title card changed, reading, “I can do all kinds of things. I’ve been doing odd jobs on the street.”

“Like what?”

“Washing windows= 2 cents per window.” The card changed again. “Shoe shine= 5 cents.” Another card. “Handy= $3.”

“I don’t really need a handyman,” said Alastor.

The sinner shook his head. A new title card appeared that read, “S*x= $3- $9 depending on what you want.”

Alastor thought for a moment. “Do you mean what you think I mean?”

The card changed again, but then snowed out. The picture box sinner snapped his fingers in frustration. A fresh, clear title card appeared that read, “Sorry, it gets censored.” His face reappeared. He looked both ways down the street, making sure no one was watching, before meeting Alastor’s gaze again. Then he took his hand, a partially open fist, and gestured up and down in front of his mouth. Well, what looked like a mouth on his glass face. It was difficult to tell exactly how his mouth worked. Either way, lines formed on the screen where his cheeks would be each time he moved his hand toward his face.

“Delightful,” said Alastor. “Are you good at it?”

The sinner wriggled his eyebrows suggestively while nodding.

“I think I’ll take you up on that offer then,” said Alastor.

The television sinner smirked back. His screen changed again, displaying, “blow= $5.”

“It’s a deal,” said Alastor. He could always find use for a good trumpet player, he said to himself. He originally thought this sinner meant sax, as in saxophone, one of Alastor’s favorite instruments. It’s a staple in jazz music, after all. But those hand and mouth movements had to be of a trumpet player. Which was still very welcome to Alastor, as the trumpet was also a well loved and respected instrument for his genre.

“If you want D it’s $6,” said the sinner’s next title card.

“Not exactly what I had in mind,” said Alastor. “What else do you offer?” The D type trumpet wasn’t the most common type of trumpet for jazz music. They were more typical of orchestral and baroque music than jazz. It wasn’t bad by any means and Alastor could appreciate the D under the right circumstances. Especially when it hits just the right notes just the right way. But that wasn’t what he was looking for today.

The title card changed again. “A$s =$9.”

Alastor hesitated for a moment when he read it. Then he nodded. This fellow must have made a typing error while censoring himself. He must have meant bass, as in the bass trumpet. “I do enjoy that from time to time.” While the bass trumpet wasn’t used as often as the Bb or Flugelhorn trumpet, it was still used sometimes in jazz. Alastor knew the potential it could have. That the right lips on the right bass could fly you right to the moon. Sometimes the bass

is a straight masterpiece. There had been times when the mood struck that Alastor was all about that bass.

But he'd just met this fellow. Alastor wanted to see what he was capable of before getting too invested.

After all, Alastor wasn't sure how this fellow's mouth worked. He had a boxy, wood paneled head filled with wires, or so Alastor assumed. And a glass screen for a face. How such an act could be performed by someone who didn't have a real, organic mouth was a mystery to him. He knew very little about televisions in general. They were new technology. Playing a woodwind instrument with a glass face would be a feat. Alastor was quite interested to see it in action.

"How about we start with you just showing me how talented that mouth is?" Alastor suggested. "If I'm impressed, I may employ you for more."

The title card changed to, "Blow OR rim= $5."

Alastor did love a well timed rimshot. They originated in jazz, after all. Then they were adapted by comedians and if you asked him, his jokes were quite hilarious if he did say so himself. But this was no time for joking. It was jazz time.

A quick change of title cards. "I can even do a rusty trombone= $7."

"Oh!" said Alastor with delight. "I do love the trombone!" But it was a shame it was rusty. Well, the poor fellow did live outside on the filthy street, after all. Alastor didn't want subpar trombone. He wanted to enjoy it. Perhaps another time.

"Let's just see how well you blow on that horn for now, shall we?" said Alastor.

The next title card read, "$5 for a blow!"

Alastor extended his hand. "It's a deal."

The sinner met his palm for a handshake. Just a quick shake, then Alastor was being pulled by that hand down the sidewalk. "This way. Let's find some place more secluded," read his title card.

"Oh, a private show," said Alastor with genuine excitement. "Away from the riff raff who won't appreciate your talents. This must be good."

A couple more quick glances around. Just to make sure no one was watching. Then Alastor was dragged into a dark alley.

"You never told me your name," said Alastor. "I don't usually shake hands and make a binding deal with someone that I don't know their name. It doesn't feel quite right."

It was a very narrow alleyway between buildings. Not even big enough for a dumpster, though that didn't stop people from throwing their trash there anyway, thus it smelled foul.

There were no street lamps. The only light was what managed to peek through the small opening between the buildings several stories above them.

And the faint light from the uniquely shaped sinner's screen that mostly disappeared when his black title card reappeared. He took the five dollar bill Alastor handed him and pocketed it. "Not sure yet."

"Ah," said Alastor as the sinner glanced around one more time. They were alone. Unless the cockroaches scurrying around the trash counted. "You were told to pick a new name when you arrived in Hell, weren't you? That's what most do."

The sinner's title card changed to, "Yes, that's what I'll do. I don't want to use my real name from when I was alive. I just can't decide what I want it to be yet."

"Hmm." Alastor pressed the tip of his staff to his face as he pondered. "I bet I could come up with a good one for you."

The boxy headed sinner lowered himself onto his knees.

"Now, now," said Alastor. "There's no need to beg."

"I'm gonna make you j*zz so hard," read the sinner's next title card.

"A bit unorthodox, but you've piqued my interest," said Alastor. Jazz was supposed to be smooth, not hard. But Alastor was willing to give it a try.

Then the sinner spat into his hand.

"I didn't ask for that shoe shine," said Alastor when he saw him do that.

He reached for Alastor's belt buckle. Alastor stood frozen with a startled snap of radio static. It took a moment for their conversation to replay in Alastor's mind, but then things fell into place. Alastor realized what was really going on.

The sepia colored hand reaching into his pants was another big clue.

Alastor caught him by the wrist. "I do apologize, my good fellow," he said as he looked down at those cartoonishly large confused eyes. "But there has been a misunderstanding."

He was not there to play the trumpet after all.

"Please?" flashed the next title card. Then another quickly after it, "I really need the money." Then a third, "And you're rather handsome so I actually don't mind." The title card disappeared and was replaced with his face, grinning mischievously up at Alastor.

"There's no need for flattery," said Alastor with a little patronizing wave. "But I suppose a deal is a deal." And a binding one at that. He'd already shook on it and paid for it.

Alastor was a deal maker. He sometimes tricked people with his deals by exploiting loopholes— lying through omission, double talk through specific wording, being purposely

vague. And they were still binding. This time though he accidentally tricked himself.

Into being the trick that this fellow turned.

“But might I add one small condition?” said Alastor, staring down the sinner still on his knees below. “Let me give you a name. If I don’t like doing deals with people without knowing their names, I definitely don’t want to do such an intimate act without one.”

The sinner happily nodded. “OK!” read his next title card.

“Hmm.” Alastor didn’t actually need to think very long. “I think I’ll call you Vox.”

The sinner now named Vox displayed a new card, “I dig it!”

“Glad to hear,” said Alastor with a sly smirk.

“What does it mean?” read Vox’s next screen.

“I’ll tell you when this is all finished.”

“OK daddy-o!” read the next text.

“Don’t call me that.”

That was just 1950’s slang for a cool guy but Alastor didn’t know it.

Alastor again wondered how this fellow’s mouth worked. He had been curious to see how Vox would play an instrument. And while he was not normally that interested in carnal desires of the flesh, he was absolutely fascinated to see just how this uniquely shaped sinner could even perform this.

There was a jingle of the belt buckle and a rustle of Alastor’s pants sliding down. A crunch on the gravel from his boots as he stepped back. Or maybe that crunching sound was a cockroach he’d accidentally stepped on. Either way, he leaned back against the side of the building as Vox gripped and started to stroke him.

Alastor noticed those noises because it was otherwise eerily quiet in that alleyway. This Vox fellow didn’t make a sound. Even his hand was silent as it moved up and down Alastor’s twitching length, starting to stir to life from the stimulation.

Vox looked up at Alastor with those big black and white doe eyes, rather innocent looking. He was so short he almost didn’t need to be on his knees to do this, but Alastor liked that position anyway. It wasn’t even inherently sexual. He just liked it when people were below him.

Alastor glanced away. His face was starting to blush a little red as his erection stiffened in Vox’s hand. He didn’t do this often. “This silence is unnerving,” he said, still looking sideways. “I don’t know how you stand it.”

Vox's face disappeared and a title card read, "I wouldn't be doing much talking anyway with what I'm about to do." The card changed again. "I'll have my mouth full, after all."

Vox's hand strokes quickened, gripping a little tighter as his fingers slid over Alastor's increasing inches. Alastor was mostly hard then. "It's not just that. You don't make any sound at all. It just doesn't feel right."

A few more strokes of his fingers and Vox pulled his hand away. His next title card read, "Razz my berries! Your %*#! is so big!"

Alastor's eye twitched. He was not used to this new 1950's slang.

A sepia colored, dripping tongue emerged from Vox's glass face. Despite the rest of Vox's boxy wooden head being hard, his tongue was soft and moist. He held Alastor's erection by the base as his tongue, impressively lengthy, snaked around it.

"Good thing I have a long tongue," read Vox's next title card.

Alastor placed a hand on top of Vox's square head for leverage. "A long tongue and an inability to speak. Your demon form is a cruel, ironic punishment."

"I can use it for other things," read the next white text. Vox dragged his tongue along Alastor's length, leaving a trail of sepia saliva. Alastor's body tensed in response. "And unlike others, still 'talk' at the same time when I do this."

That was true until Vox opened his mouth and welcomed Alastor's cock inside. When Alastor's hips were pressed close to Vox's screen, somehow every inch fully sheathed beyond that glass, there was less room for Vox's words.

Alastor drew a sharp breath. He didn't know what was actually behind that glass and inside that head. He just knew it felt warm, wet, and quite pleasant.

Vox split his screen horizontally. The bottom was still his mouth, now working up and down on Alastor's dick. The top was text. "You like that?" it read.

Alastor's ears drooped. This fellow knew what was doing. "I don't mind it," he said, absentmindedly fiddling with one of Vox's antenna.

Vox's boxy head silently bobbed over Alastor's cock. "(Slurp!)" read the next card.

Another eye twitch from Alastor. "I don't need written sound effects."

"But I like them!" read the next words. Then, "(sensual moan!)"

"No," Alastor said bluntly. "I can't take you seriously with you writing that out."

"(Lips smacking!) (grunting noises!)," read Vox's next words. "(Moist sounds!)"

Alastor gave Vox's antenna a yank. "I said stop it."

But the words continued. “(Desperate sexual whimper!)” Vox let Alastor’s length slide out of his mouth. He held it in his hand, stroking it, as he looked up at Alastor with those cartoonish big eyes. “Oh, I liked that! Do it again.”

It took Alastor a moment to realize what Vox meant. After a moment, somewhat distracted by Vox’s hand movements, he said, “Oh, you mean this?” Alastor tugged on Vox’s antenna again.

“(Pleasured MOAN!)” read Vox’s next title card as he trembled under Alastor’s touch. Then, “Yes! That!”

“I can’t tell if you are being sincere or just playing it up since I am a paying customer.” Alastor pulled it again, a little harder that time. “But if I do what you ask, will you knock off the cheesy sound effect cards?”

“(Needy whine!)” said the next card, but it changed very quickly to the next, “Just don’t read them!”

“Aren’t you supposed to be doing what *I* want?” Alastor said sharply, still gripping the antenna but this time not pulling. “Isn’t the customer always right?”

“Well, actually, the rest of that quote is …” Another rapid succession of title cards as Vox’s hand picked up the pace, stroking hurriedly too. “The customer is always right *in matters of taste.*”

“How dare you italicize your words at me,” Alastor snapped. “And speaking of *taste* …” Alastor reached for Vox’s mouth, which should not be currently empty. He dragged his finger along the screen, along the line of his mouth, stopping to dip his finger in that tooth gap. “You aren’t doing that either.”

“!!!” flashed Vox’s screen. “Sorry!” He took Alastor back into his mouth. He resumed the job he was paid to do, wooden head bobbing away, with small text crammed at the top of his screen that read, “(Suck suck!) (Slurp!) (Gulp!)”

Alastor looked away, the bags under his eyes more prominent now. Vox was right. He didn’t have to read them if he didn’t want to. Alastor averted his gaze to the side, getting the not so lovely view of cockroaches feasting in the garbage instead. So he tried to concentrate on just the feeling. The soft, warm mouth enveloped around his cock. The cold building on his back as he pressed harder against it when Vox sucked harder. The smooth thin metal of Vox’s antenna sliding between his fingers when he started to play with it again.

Alastor had to focus on the feeling since the view was less than to be desired and the sound was nonexistent. Sheer, absolute silence. It was eerie. There should have been lewd, wet sounds to match what he was feeling happening where Vox knelt between his legs. He wished he could *hear* the lips smacking, the grunts, the slurps, and everything else Vox had displayed in text but was not able to actually produce. Even the cheesy and probably fake moan. The unnerving quiet was worse.

Especially to Alastor, who as a radio host and avid music lover, was more appreciative of the auditory sense than most. It was his preferred way to perceive the world around him. He loved some good aural.

Alastor's eyes eventually tired of looking at alley filth and found their way back to Vox at his knees below him. The top of Vox's screen read, "Mmm! (Erotic groan!) (Wet squelch!) (Obscene gargle!)"

"You really are quite enthusiastic at your job, aren't you?" said Alastor. He dragged a finger along the top of Vox's head, like how one would checked an object for dust. It did indeed collect some kind of dirt. Poor fellow was living on the street, after all. "Your picture box head is really heating up. It's so hot I worry that wood paneling of yours will catch fire and turn into kindling."

"It's fine," said the next words on Vox's screen. They were becoming more difficult to read, moving up and down faster as Vox's rythmn sped up. "I'm just getting really into it."

There was the sound of Alastor's boots crunching in the gravel again as he shifted his weight. "I can tell," he said as one came to rest on Vox's crotch. Alastor pressed his hoof shaped boot into the tent in Vox's pants.

"SUPERMURGITROID!" read a very shaky screen. That was the 1950's slang again. It meant Vox was very excited. His next text changed to, "You're just the first taker I've had that's actually good looking!"

Alastor grinned as he pressed his boot down harder.

"(SALACIOUS GASP!)" read Vox's next card, though it was starting to blur. "(IMPASSIONED GROAN!)" The words bounced up and down as Vox kept working his mouth over Alastor's cock. "(FERVID MEWL!)"

Alastor huffed. "You want me to *razz your berries?*" he asked with a wicked smile, grinding his boot harder on the firm bulge in Vox's pants. "Or how about I *crush* them?"

"Oh f%*#!!" read the next card, blurry from how much Vox was trembling.

Alastor's boot continued to bear down on Vox's erection. He watched the sight below him with sadistic delight. "You enjoy being squashed like a bug?"

Vox's claws dug into Alastor's hips as he struggled to keep his pace bobbing on Alastor's dick. "(BAWDY, ENTHUSIASTIC MOANING!)" flashed the next card.

"Tsk," Alastor tutted, face flushed red from the heat from Vox's nearly overheating wooden head and also the other head he was getting. "I guess I shouldn't be surprised, as you liked me pulling your antenna." Right on cue, Alastor gave Vox's left antenna another good yank.

"(Yelp!")

"Bugs have antennae too," said Alastor. "You remind me of a cockroach."

“Step on me!” read the next text.

Alastor was breathing hard then, a sweat drop trickling down his forehead. After a few harsh breaths, he wrenched Vox’s antennae up roughly. He pulled Vox up by it as he kept pressing down on Vox’s crotch with his boot.

With that expression on Vox’s face, Vox should have made some kind of sound, Alastor fumed to himself. Vox looked desperate, in both pleasure and pain, when he gagged on Alastor’s cock with that rough motion. But even as Vox choked on it, it was silent. Totally, eerily, unsettlingly quiet.

Alastor pulled the antenna so hard he wondered if it might pop off. He just wanted to elicit *some* kind of sound out of Vox.

It was still completely silent when Vox suddenly stopped moving his mouth over Alastor’s dick. Still completely silent when his entire body quivered. Still completely silent when Alastor felt the twitching under his boot.

Vox’s screen glitched out. Then his black title card reappeared with shaky text, “I’m coming!”

“You really leave nothing to subtlety,” said Alastor with an eye twitch.

When Vox appeared to be finished, his chest heaved like he was breathing hard, but there was no sound. “(Pant pant!)” read the text at the top of his screen.

Alastor lifted his boot. There was a wet spot in the crotch of Vox’s pants.

“Finish your job,” said Alastor as he gave a quick, hard thrust into Vox’s mouth, suddenly pushing all the way inside.

Vox picked up where he left off, working his mouth over Alastor’s cock. Alastor kept pulling Vox’s antennae, enjoying the way it made Vox squirm under him. Alastor’s ears were pinned back then and he let his eyelids hang low as he felt himself get close.

He didn’t warn Vox. Alastor was nearly silent as he came too, except for drawing a sharp, shaky breath. He crumbled Vox’s antenna as he balled his fist in the heat of the moment.

With the look on Vox’s face, especially his wide black and white eyes now dotted each with a sepia colored tear in the corners, he seemed to be gagging again. But Vox swallowed him down, through each pulse of Alastor’s cock down his throat, until Alastor was finished.

Then Vox quickly pulled away, letting Alastor’s softening dick slide out. He sputtered and choked for a moment, then finally swallowed the last bit down with a loud gulp.

Vox was halfway through wiping his mouth with his sleeve when he realized it. His already big eyes widened and looked over to Alastor in disbelief.

“What the fuck?!”

Alastor grinned back with a sharp, toothy smile and an eerie green glow. “You’re welcome.”

Vox felt at his own neck, not believing what had just come from his throat after that come had gone down his throat.

“But how?!” asked Vox.

Alastor chuckled. “You’re new around so I’ll cut you some slack. But I’m one of the most powerful beings in Hell.” He snapped his fingers, glowing green, and his pants and belt buckle were back into place instantly. Even Vox’s wet spot was magically dry. “I have many abilities.”

Vox grinned back excitedly. “That’s so ginchy!”

Alastor didn’t know what the Hell that word meant, but the giddy look on Vox’s face said enough.

“You have some pretty remarkable abilities yourself,” said Alastor, gesturing to Vox’s screen. “A literal picture box for a head. There are so many possiblities! So what do you say?” Alastor held out Vox’s bindle that he’d forgotten back on the sidewalk and his top hat, suddenly appearing into Alastor’s hands with a green glow. “Would you like to come work for me?”

Vox smiled as he reached for his hat and that sad looking stick with all his belongings. “You got a deal!”

Alastor turned and started for the alleyway’s exit. “Come along then, Vox.”

Vox was distracted for a moment. He was feeling his left antenna, now crooked from where Alastor had balled it in his fist. Then he quickly sprinted to catch up to Alastor, tagging along behind him. “Hey! You said you’d tell me what that name meant when we were done.”

“Oh, right,” said Alastor, mischievously glancing back at him. “It means ‘voice.’”

“What?!” Vox startled, with the same word simultaneously flashing on his screen. He’d had to get used to not having to do that anymore. His big grin returned. “So you planned to give me a voice all along?!”

“Actually, I didn’t,” said Alastor with a chuckle. “It was originally going to be an ironic joke.”

Vox’s face fell.

Alastor shrugged. “But I changed my mind. I decided it would be a shame if a nice voice didn’t go with that amazing head.”

Vox thought for a moment. His face changed to a title card that said, “Ba dum tss!” but only for a moment. It quickly changed back to Vox’s face. “Oops. Still getting used to this,” he said with his actual voice. He gave Alastor a sly smirk. “I agree … and next one’s on me.”

(The end!)

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